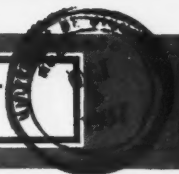


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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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October, 1937

No. 10

During recent years, both in this country and across the water, mental cruelty suffered by animals through ill-usage is more and more being given consideration by the courts. That they can suffer mental distress as well as physical is well known to all students of animal life.

The celebrated English Canon, "Dick" Sheppard is reported to have said that since Parliament begins every day its proceedings with prayer they might feel that that daily prayer "was a mockery until they had ended forever the tragedy of the hunted stag and the hunted hind."

Our Animals, San Francisco, tells us the protests of the Butte Co. Humane Society recently resulted in the mayor forbidding the tossing of chickens, ducks and other barnyard fowl out of airplanes. The mayor said, "I intend to see that the law regarding cruelty to animals is enforced."

Great as may justly be the credit given to the celebrated Arctic and Antarctic explorers, too little is said of those hard-working, half-wolf, half-dog, huskies that have given their lives in the service of these expeditions. Only a small percentage of these dogs return from these polar ventures. It is the dogs that have crossed the frozen solitudes and hauled the food and stores to the various depots along the line.

From an English exchange we read that once every week the British Broadcasting Company has a feature called "I Protest" in which we are told persons air "genuine or synthetic grievances against people, customs or even animals." Recently the dogs, unfortunately, got a severe call-down by a man said to be "well educated and lavishly adjectived." His worst charge was against dogs who don't know enough to abandon an unworthy master, but are apparently perfectly willing to keep bad company.

Is Dog Racing Doomed?

THE majority of good citizens, we believe, will be glad to know that Governor Merriam of California has vetoed the dog racing bill and that Governor Lehman of New York and Governor Ammons of Colorado have vetoed similar bills, and that the legislatures of several states, including Maryland, killed the racing bills before they reached the governors of these states. In Michigan, we are told, a bill to legalize dog racing was thrown out by the Senate. Opposition to these various bills has been based both upon moral and humane grounds. The cruelties involved in the training of racing dogs has told heavily against this strangely called "sport." Back of these dog races, of course, there is an enormous amount of money in the hands of those who are profiting by them. In spite of all that, we believe this is one of the rackets that in the near future will meet its doom.

Good News from Ireland

We learn from our representative in Ireland that since the second of August, this year, a law is in force in Ireland making it compulsory to have all livestock humanely slaughtered. He says, however, that during all last winter he was able to get the most of the butchers to use the humane killer. We gather from the information that some device like the captive bolt pistol or the English humane killer will be the instrument used under the new law.

Hang on to your leash—\$500 in damages were recently collected by an elderly lady in London who was violently thrown to the sidewalk, because of her legs being caught by the leash of a dog which had broken away from the hand of its owner. The judge awarded damages on the ground that the defendant had been negligent in not having sufficiently firm hold upon the leash.

Leland Stanford, who was America's model horseman, would not permit the "outrageous contrivance" of the checkrein on any of his horses. It was he who said: "A horse should be treated like a gentleman."

We have just received word that the Cinematograph Films (Animals) Bill will doubtless have been passed by the British Parliament before this reaches our readers. By this Act no film can be shown in which there appears any evidence of cruelty in the preparation of the film. That is a long step ahead in animal legislation.

A new form of so-called sport has come to some prominence in New Connemara Island. It is horse racing from the mainland across to the Island, a course of a mile. The fastest swimmer seems to be the winner. This race is known as the race of the Riders of the Sea over a mile lying across the deep sea channel between the mainland and the Island. What next?

It seems that real progress is being made toward securing a humane trap in which to catch fur-bearing animals. To find such a trap strong enough and yet light enough for the trapper to cover long distances is a serious problem. We may grow humane enough some day to spoil the whole trapping business by refusing to demand the death of animals that we may wear the garments God gave them.

Dealing with cows as though designed by Nature to be treated only as milking machines, tying them up day in and day out in stanchions, and dealing with hens as only laying machines, confining them continuously to narrow wire quarters is against Nature and we believe dairy men and poultry men will someday find this out. Cows and hens, with us, have the right to enough freedom and outdoor air to make life mean something more to them than just milk and eggs.

The Better Way

GLENN W. ORTON

*I can see the diamond glitter of the snow
upon the trees,
In the balsam thickets where the big
bucks hide,
I can smell the fragrant needles and my
very soul's at ease,
Every care that I have had is laid aside.*

*Comes a snort from near a windfall—and a
big one leaps away;
What a sight! with white flag up and
head held high;
But I have not fired a rifle, it would spoil
a perfect day
And would bring a bitter mist before
my eye.*

*Long ago I hung my gun upon its worn old
hick'ry pegs,
I am hunting deer—but with a pictured
shot,
And I smile to see the spiked horns and the
graceful little legs
As they grace with beauty some familiar
spot.*

*No glazed eyes here to accuse me when my
steps are growing slow,
Not a thought to mar a sportsman's per-
fect rest;
You may hunt your deer the same way as
you did in long ago,
But I still insist that my way is the best.*

The Dogs of Sark

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

IN the tiny island of Sark, situated in the English Channel, there is a law that no one may own a female dog except the Seigneur of the island. This curious custom goes back hundreds of years to the time when a child of a Seigneur was bitten by a female dog whose puppies she was teasing, and has been strictly enforced ever since.

The present Seigneur, Mr. R. W. Hathaway, formerly an American from New Jersey, is a great lover of dogs. With his wife, La Dame, he rules over Sark as benevolent despot, collecting from the islanders tithes and taxes of live chickens, making laws for the island and recognizing King George VI only as Duke of Normandy.

Mr. Hathaway's dog, a white poodle, loves to go through his tricks, but more than anything else likes to accompany his master on long rambles over the gorse-covered cliffs or to go with his mistress on her daily inspection of her fine herd of Guernsey cows.

Sark is a peaceful place. There are many dogs there, of many varieties. The inhabitants live at peace with the world, as good neighbors, and in the whole island dog-fights are unknown.

Do not allow your dog to chase and to kill cats or smaller dogs. This habit gets the dog and his owner into trouble, and often causes serious sorrow and trouble to the person owning the cat or the dog that has been chased and injured by your thoughtlessness.

The Desert Ship

BURT HAUSE

OUT on the sun-scorched deserts of Africa and Arabia, man's best friends are his canteen and his camel.

The camel is among the largest of ruminants. His color is generally light brown or nearly black. In stature, he is no pygmy,

they became peeved at a fellow player, they would probably vent their wrath by suddenly biting or spitting in his face. And their aim is true for they score a bull's eye most every time.

Camels are used by desert tribes as rid-



SHIPS OF THE DESERT

standing about eight feet high at the shoulders while his long limbs give him speed even though he isn't streamlined. He can travel over a distance of fifty miles in a day, with his load, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and keep it up incessantly for a period of four days. Mr. Camel is famous for these non-stop journeys due to his ability in traversing them without refueling. In a land almost devoid of water and vegetation, he carries his food and water with him. The inside walls of his paunch contain little reservoirs like miniature canteens. When he grows thirsty, these receptacles open automatically and give him drink. Then, automatically, they close back up again. The hump on his back supplies food in the form of reserved fat. This accumulates during the time previous to his starting on a long journey. An experienced camel driver sees to it that his charge is given sufficient food to insure a well-filled hump.

Mr. Camel has a personality all his own which isn't very pleasing, as he habitually wears that expression of being bored at the world. Neither would he capture any prizes at a beauty contest; his only beauty being his long eyelashes. But these eyelashes are indispensable, inasmuch as they protect his eyes against dust and sand glare. Dust storms cause him no worry. He merely closes his nostrils, pulls his upper lip down over his lower one and lets the sand fly. Luckily, his feet are well padded which enables him to walk over the desert sand without sinking down. When these pads become worn, they can be half-soled by sewing a piece of leather over either hoof. Camels would suffer no injury on the grid-iron field, either, (if they played football), as they are further protected by additional pads on knees and breast just like real football players in their suits. However, if

ing mounts and beasts of burden, often carrying loads of five hundred to six hundred pounds on their backs. During the loading process the animal kneels, but if his master overloads him, he refuses to rise. Arabs milk the female camels and churn the milk into a sort of butter by justling it in leather or skin bags. Camel hair makes excellent paint brushes and it can also be woven into cloth.

These doleful appearing animals can live for several months in a waterless valley, if former rains have left a growth of green bushes, and emerge sleek and fat. To them, a few leaves and thorn bushes provide a bountiful repast. A white camel should consider himself important as white ones are rare and very highly prized.

THE Jack London Club, named for the late author, is composed of members who pay no dues but simply pledge themselves to leave a theater or any place where trained animals are compelled to perform unnatural acts. It is hoped all members before purchasing tickets where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative. When leaving any place because of any animal performance, always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning to your home. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

The Old Dog

Written on a scene witnessed in the Springfield S. P. C. A.

MARGARET T. LAMSON

*I saw an old dog brought into a hospital
To be put to sleep.
Weary, he could not stand—
The man who carried him
Set him down in silence,
In silence the girl rang the bell,
A white-coated attendant came
And took the old dog in his arms—
He spoke and said:
"Do you want his collar, Sir?"
The man took off the collar and gently laid
his hand
For an instant on the old dog's head.
The dim eyes looked quietly into his master's
And he was carried off without complaint.
(A good dog is more selfless than a man)
Silently, the man paid the fee
And walked through the door—
But I could sense all the memories
Of his dog's life that came flooding over
him.
Through the tender grass of early spring,
Across the beaten sand by the loud ocean's
roar,
Amid the dead leaves of autumn,
In the silent snow of winter, the young dog
ran.
In every sorrow that the man had known,
In every joy that had filled his heart,
Through all the years of his dog's life,
He had felt the pressure of that noble head
Against his knee.
Ah, well, a chapter closed—
Silently, he entered his strangely lonely car.*

No wonder everyone loves a dog! He doesn't care because he is snubbed at times. He even takes his beatings with good grace and licks the hand of the one who abuses him, as though to say: "How you misunderstand me! I hold no ill-will against you, but I wish you wouldn't hurt me, or scold me."

The dog learns a great deal from his human-being master—but, Oh, how much that master—and everyone of us—can learn from that dog!

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

DODGE CITY, Kan.—For three months now a brown and black dog has spent virtually all its time sitting under a sign three miles from town—waiting. For what? No one knows, but the prevalent theory is that a faithful animal is waiting for a faithless master to return.

LAID down the newspaper and looked at "Tatters" curled up contentedly at my feet. When Rags passed on into the great beyond of dogdom last November, at that ripe old age of 15, a strange metamorphosis came over Tatters.

It was as though the playful, irresponsible, joyous "crown prince" realized that the mantle of family guardianship had descended upon his lithesome, but curly shanks. His mad romps became less frequent. His boyish bounce surrendered to a dignity more in keeping with his new post of responsibility. While previously he barked at birds, he now confined his barks to strangers at the gate.

Before he showed for me and mine affection, high spirits and young exuberance—the affection which meant a leap at my hand and then a series of wild circles upon the grass, raced at top speed at an almost incredible angle, accompanied by yaps as much as to say: "How's this for sport?"

Now he patrolled with an almost self-conscious dignity. For the ducks, geese and other animals he showed a lofty contempt, punctuated with occasional surges of terrier desire to pursue them and nip a feather or two from their tails.

Each day in my last month's illness he has paid me a morning and evening visit, to satisfy himself as to my state of well-being. Now, the first day in the sun and out of doors, he dogged my slow and halting steps with comparable pace. Sitting in the sun typing, he has curled beneath the chair, alternating this position with a post at my feet.

I looked at him and thought of the brown and black dog sitting in sad and lonely vigil beneath a Kansas signpost.

Devotion? Loyalty?

Two of the finest virtues in all the world—and yet it is ironic that it was, is and always will be the lowly dog that gives the most convincing demonstration of these two characteristics, which might well take their place beside the other famous three—faith, hope and charity.

The supreme beauty of a dog's devotion is that it is given without any demand for recompense. Unlike vain humans, it calls for no recognition. It demands no selfish tributes.

It has a depth which is unfathomable. We miserable humans may suddenly turn upon him in a fit of temper. We

may hit him, or we may kick him. We may requite this selfless service with a stone.

Yet he always crawls back, a stricken look of puzzled hurt shining from his eyes, and licks our hand as if to plead forgiveness for having given cause to cast stone or stick at him.

Home, luxuries, material things mean nothing to him. It is only his master who counts in his life. He will trot a thousand miles with the penniless tramp, if he loves that tramp. He will love a millionaire master, not for his millions, but because he is the master.

Uncannily, he can differentiate between your friends and your enemies. Somehow he knows who is bent on doing you mischief and who is not. His amazing intuition will warn you of lurking, hidden dangers.

Even though his master may treat him shabbily, lock him up for a week and leave the job of feeding him to the neighbors, he will bark a joyous welcome when his thoughtless owner returns.

It is a love that passes all human understanding, because human love is only selfish, and human understanding limited.

If he is sick he crawls into a corner by himself and demands no attention.

If you remove a splinter from a pad in one of his paws, no matter how much you may hurt him in doing so, he will lick your fingers with gratitude. Compare that with the ungratefulness of humans who are cured of sickness. They take those who help them as a matter of course. Financial reimbursement is considered by a human adequate discharge of any possible obligation.

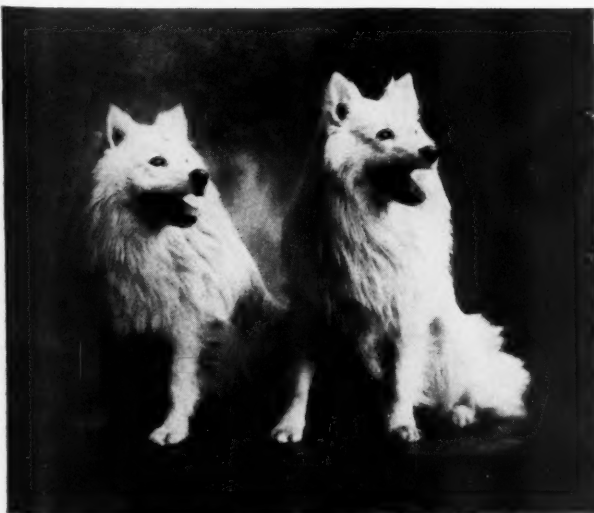
He will grieve for a master when the latter is gone. Witness the recent case of the dog of a New York man who was ill and sent to a hospital. The dog would neither eat nor sleep. His grief was only assuaged when the surgeons permitted the man to telephone his home and the receiver was held against the dog's ear. When he heard that beloved and familiar voice he barked aloud his joy. At least he knew his master was not dead. In his intuitive doggy way, and by listening to tone of voice he knew some day his master would return.

Through all the chaos of changing worlds; through prosperity or depression; through riches or poverty; through sickness and in health—the one unchanging force, it seems to me, is the love, devotion and loyalty a dog gives his master.

And that is why sometimes a red film of fury suffuses my gaze when I see a miserable wretch not even slacken speed in his automobile after he has tossed a broken little furry body to the gutter in the madness of his speed; why I boil when I hear some one remark: "O, well, it's only a dog;" why I have only contempt for the faithless master of the little brown and black dog under the Kansas signpost.

If humans could only learn the lesson of service from a dog, what a glorious world this would be.

(Copyright, 1937)



"BABE" AND "FAT," CANADIAN BEAUTIES

"Johnny" and "Jenny"

JOHN P. DINNENY

AN impish bird to whose coming I look forward every spring is the familiar house wren. Facetiously, some one has dubbed the two sexes "Johnny" and "Jenny." I like the personification. It gives a feeling of warmth and familiarity to our friendship, not hemmed in by any haughty formality.

Johnny doesn't cut much ice in the Wren household. True, it is he who gambols about singing, perching, and generally enjoying himself, but he must watch his step in Jenny's presence. Although not a singer herself, she keeps herself well to the fore by dint of continually fussing, working and scolding. At times she even bears a strong resemblance to Shakespeare's "Shrew." Jenny arbitrarily assumes the task of choosing nesting-sites and settling all other domestic details. I suspect that she considers Johnny a bit of a ne'er-do-well. If dissatisfied with the arrangements she makes he can leave, and sometimes does. But Jenny stays on, not adverse to another matrimonial venture.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wren consists of a dome-shaped mass of ferns, grass, moss, lined with soft hair or feathers. It is usually located in holes or boxes. They eat bountifully of spiders, insects, larvae and occasionally seeds. It is strongly suspected that they are partial to eggs, with the result that their presence is not highly regarded in some places. Even though true, I cannot condemn them very strongly.

One will never go into raptures at Johnny's or Jenny's physical appearance. They are small in size, almost tiny, colored a dull brown with faint black markings, altogether unimpressive. Their short cocked tail helps to recognize them. Around the barnyard they resemble a mouse disguised in feathers. But in Jenny, particularly, there is nothing mousey about her temper. Aroused, she will "chit, chit, chit" very pugnaciously, almost thrusting her arched bill right into your face. Her cocky tail becomes more cocky, and you may be sure of receiving the tongue lashing of your life. I admire Jenny's spunk, but am more intrigued by the beguilingly pleasant manner in which she accepts a tasty tid-bit.

The Wren family keep themselves and their home neat and clean. Though their nesting-sites are usually vermin collectors, none gather after Jenny cleans house. While Johnny sings she works tirelessly. To be sure he helps feed the young, which job in itself is no small one. They frequently rear three broods in a season. Gentleman Johnny then has less time to show off his song and cocky tail.

*These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass.
And after showers the smell of flowers
And of the good, brown earth;
And best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.*

HENRY VAN DYKE

"King of the Orchard"

L. D. CHAPMAN

THE kingbird is one of the best friends the farmer has in the bird family. Arriving in the late spring, kingbirds immediately build their nests in the tallest trees in the orchard, and from then till October wage war on bugs and insects and marauding hawks and crows. Contrary to the common belief, kingbirds never bother fruit or grain.

For several years, a couple of pairs of kingbirds had been building their nests in



A GOOD FRIEND OF THE FARMER

a large king apple tree in my orchard. It was by far the tallest tree in the orchard, and every spring when the birds returned they sought the same tree as a nesting-place, and from then until late fall the merry shriek of the kingbird was to be heard every day.

In the early summer, I bought a couple of hundred day-old chickens and when they got to weigh about two pounds each a hawk commenced to work on them. One day, while I was eating dinner, I heard a great racket in the orchard, and, rushing out, I discovered a hawk trying to carry off one of the chickens. He had it in his claws and was up about twenty feet in the air when four kingbirds tackled him, diving at him and shrieking in fury. They made things so lively for the hawk that at last in despair, he dropped the chicken to the ground and fled in terror. The chicken was not hurt very much and in a few days was fully recovered.

All the rest of the summer, every time a hawk or crow approached the place, it was promptly tackled by the kingbirds which quickly drove it away in full flight. I am convinced that every summer the kingbirds saved me a good many dollars' worth of poultry by driving away marauding hawks and crows.

The mission of the birds is one not only of joy and music but of economic value. Encourage them to stay in your locality. Tide them over by providing for them in times of emergency, and next season they will pay you back.

Songs of the Birds

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

JUST around our corner is a garden with a stone tablet set in the middle of the lawn. On this tablet is inscribed a simple bit of verse:

*"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth"*

There's something almost of divine inspiration in so simple but eloquent a bit of verse. Particularly in the line that tells us, "The song of the birds for mirth."

How near to perfection is that line, for it seems to me there is no more mirthful, no more joyously unrestrained a sound in all the world than the song of the birds in meadow, field and woods. It is the voice of nature, calling to the world in the purest of tones and notes. Poets have written about the song of the birds since literature's earliest days, extolling the lyrical qualities of these feathered singers. Izaak Walton pays them one of the most beautiful of all tributes:

"Another of my airy creatures breathes such music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. We might well be lifted up above the earth and say, Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

Shelley praises the skylark's musical song with his well-remembered lines beginning "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" Another poet tells us that "The lark has sung his carol in the sky," while still another bespeaks:

*"The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud."*

An old Scottish song assures us "I have heard the mavis singing, his love-song to the morn;" and another praises "Ye wild whistling blackbirds."

Songs and poems without number have been written about the cheery notes of the merry little robin and thrush, and the more plaintive tones of the nightingale.

Someone remembered a seldom mentioned bird in these lines:

"I was wrong about the phoebe bird, two songs it has, and both of them I've heard; I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow came from one throat."

Another poet welcomes the springtime return of one of our bright little meadow birds:

*"Bobolink that in the meadow
Or beneath the orchard's shadow
Keapest up a constant rattle,
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the North again."*

Byron in his "Prisoner of Chillon," tells about the voice beyond his imprisoned casement:

*"It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased — and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard."*

Later, in that same verse, he describes it as a "song that said a thousand things"; and that is probably one of the most descriptive of all attempts to analyze the merry song of the birds.

Killdeer Neighbors

II

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author



NEST AND EGGS OF KILLDEER FOUND IN A CORNFIELD

OH, dear, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!" The killdeer whose nest I had just found was terribly upset. She ran to a depression, squatted, spread and flapped her wings, and spread her pretty tail. "Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear! What a terrible time I am having this morning. I never saw the like before! Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!" The white tips and rusty, or reddish-brown, of her tail feathers could easily be seen, for she was lying on the ground less than a rod from me. Occasionally she rolled over on her side, flapping the opposite wing, rolled over on the other side and flapped the other wing, saying "dee, dee, dee" the while. Although the bird seemed to be badly injured, she carefully kept an eye on me and ran off a few steps when I moved and there went through exactly the same motions again. A killdeer will repeat this ruse a dozen times if you follow it for any distance. And sometimes both birds of a pair will thus feign injury at some distance from each other.

The nest was in the cornfield, six feet from a fallow piece of ground, where I had vainly searched for it for two weeks. The nest itself was only a depression in the ploughed ground surrounded by a few corn stalks. It held three eggs, though the next day there were four.

The male was also in the immediate neighborhood, sometimes running beside his mate, more often flying farther off and "dee, dee" and "kill-dee-ing" with all his might.

We were cultivating and hoeing the corn, and, before long, the mother became reconciled to things and returned to her nest, remaining there while the horse and cultivator passed within a few feet of her. I decided to try to get a picture of her, so set the camera beside the nest, intending to operate the shutter with a string. Soon she was back at the nest, and I walked slowly towards the end of the string, noticing that only her head showed and that she

was watching me carefully. She trotted off before I reached the end of the string, and I decided I'd need a longer thread. Soon, however, the horse and driver came along and she hurried to her eggs, while I as hurriedly ran to the string and secured a picture.

All told I took four pictures of her, although for two of them I was obliged to use a longer string. The four were all secured while the horse and driver were passing the nest and holding her attention keeping it centered upon the horse, driver and cultivator and diverting it from the man who was sneaking about the field, trying to get near a long string that was fastened to a queer black contraption standing beside her nest. She was not the least bit afraid of the camera.

The four cream, or buff-colored, eggs are heavily spotted and blotched with black and large for the size of the bird. The youngsters are precocious and follow the parents about as soon as hatched. I sometimes catch sight of one or more of them running about with a parent, the latter carefully watching and guarding them.

Yesterday, for example, I had an interesting experience of this kind. I was crossing the garden and ran across a killdeer and her young. The mother ran into a patch of corn with a youngster following her. I followed, but the chick was soon lost to view. No doubt it squatted beside a hill of corn, or in a depression, and thus eluded me. I stopped and soon heard a faint "dee, dee" coming from the pasture south of the garden. The notes were uttered by a second youngster coming my way. Occasionally it stopped and bobbed its head in characteristic killdeer style though it was only a few days old. I moved, and the youngster turned and ran to the garden, eventually taking refuge in some tall grass along the north edge, where it squatted and tried its best to hide. I picked it up, held it a moment, then released it at the edge of the corn, into which it ran and disappeared.

The mother meanwhile was greatly alarmed, flying about me, alighting on the ground, squatting, flapping her wings and crying loudly, repeating the ruse a dozen times or more. Eventually I started off across the field to the east. The mother now dropped to the ground and dissembled until she reached the line fence forty rods off. She now flew back to the corn near the garden, quickly made sure her young were safe, then returned and kept an eye on me, circling, calling and alighting on the ground until I returned to the house and yard, where, to all appearances, she figured I belonged. The killdeer's intelligence, or cunning, is uncanny, unbelievable perhaps, unless you have actually had it for a near neighbor, seen much of it, and had somewhat similar experiences.

Prisoned Gull

LOUISE DARCY

*I heard a sea gull cry
Clear across the water
And saw her struggling there,
White wings all stained with oil
And dragging by her side.
Close by, another gull
Wheeled low trying to free
The crippled bird from danger.
I knew that he would stay
Until his mate had died.*

Orioles' Foe to Insects

FERN BERRY

THE farmer, orchardist or city gardener has no better helper than a single pair of birds nesting about his place. On May 15, 1937, a pair of Baltimore orioles and a pair of orchard orioles arrived in a small village orchard. These four birds set to work building nests. One, that of the Baltimore orioles, was hung in a tall shade tree over the bird fountain. The orchard orioles built in a tall old fruit tree on the far end of the lot.

The apple and cherry trees were coming into the pre-pink stage and the leaves were like "squirrel ears." The birds spent hours each day working over the trees. From branch to branch the brilliant orioles and the more sombre mates would go over the leaves and bud clusters in search of insects or eggs.

As the blooms expanded and the foliage grew into real leaves the birds continued their search for food on the trees. It would be impossible to estimate the number of insects and eggs or larvae destroyed by these four birds during the season. Later, when the little birdlings were hatched and had to be fed, the old birds increased their activities.

The shade trees and shrubs were thoroughly gone over by the orioles, and the wise gardener did not complain when he found that the birds had punctured a few of his cherries. Especially if water is not available, they must have the cooling juice from the fresh fruit.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Fondouk at Fez

LAST August we gave our readers the annual report of Mr. Delon, the superintendent at Fez. It was most encouraging as it showed the number of out-patients had more than doubled over those of 1935.

We reproduce here the equally interesting report of the honorary secretary, Mr. Charles A. Williams.

The city authorities have reorganized the veterinary services, which are now as follows:

- 1st. Head of the Service d'Elevage.
- 2nd. Official veterinary of the City of Fez.
- 3rd. Official veterinary of the suburbs of Fez, where the distances are tremendous from each section to another—Ville Nouvelle to Gate Guisse, for example, is five miles.

These three serve the Fondouk, one or another every day for one or more hours, depending on the number of patients.

The four Arab grooms are now in uniform and empowered by both French and Arab police to hold any person maltreating animals—overloaded, beaten or lame—until an official gendarme can arrive and make the formal arrest. Two of the grooms now have motor bicycles and during afternoons cover the most used streets and roads, searching for bad cases, etc., and constantly increasing the confidence of the Indigènes in our efforts to aid them.

A cow 13 years old is reported in the *Ayrshire Digest* as having given during her lifetime 75 tons of milk.

A man called upon his medical adviser and said: "Doctor, I can't go to sleep at night."

"Insomnia, eh?"

"That's it," asserted the patient.

"There are ways and means of combating that," declared the doctor. "You think you are hopelessly wakeful, but mental effort has a great deal to do with getting you to sleep. Just imagine you are walking a tight rope a thousand feet from the ground. Step by step you advance on this tight rope."

"Yes?" the patient inquired.

"You'll soon drop off."

A Humane Newspaper

CONGRATULATIONS to the Free Press, Port Huron, Michigan, which every week has a column on its front page under the heading: "5 Minutes with Our Dumb Animals." In a recent issue quotations are given from letters from seven citizens, all endorsing the newspaper's suggestion of organizing a humane society in that city. A coupon appears also on the front page of the *Free Press*, which reads:

Friends of Dumb Animals

(Started August 16, 1937)

To appeal to human kindness for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and carry on an educational campaign for the co-operation of all who would extend mercy to every living creature. To this end your membership is desired, without fees or dues, in this society. Fill out and mail to *Port Huron Free Press*, if you desire to unite.

Success to the enterprise.

The Ungrateful Squirrel

The following amusing story taken from the *London Times* is sent us by our good friend, its author, Colonel Noble:

The iniquities of the gray squirrel are as various as they are manifold. Not long ago I saw an old lady on a seat in Regent's Park feeding a gray squirrel from her handbag. When she had finished she shoo-ed the squirrel away and went on with her work. A little while afterwards she had occasion to take something out of her bag and it was gone. But she saw at a considerable distance her handbag career-ing across Regent's Park with a small pair of legs and a bushy tail projecting from it. Think of the shock this must have been to the lady's nervous system.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

LEONARD NOBLE

Harpsden Court, Henley-on-Thames

The following we take from *Cruel Sports*, published in London:

In his reminiscences published by the *Daily Telegraph*, the Duke of Portland paid a high tribute to the late Marquis of Ripon who, while he was Earle de Grey, killed between three and four hundred thousand animals of various kinds.

He was not a butcher. He was not employed in a Chicago canning factory to slaughter hogs. He was a sportsman. Here is his list; Rhinoceros, 2; tiger, 11; buffalo, 12; sambur, 19; pig, 97; deer, 186; red deer, 382; grouse, 56,460; partridges, 97,759; pheasants, 142,343; woodcock, 2,218; snipe, 2,769; wild duck, 1,612; black game, 94; capercaillie, 45; hares, 27,686; rabbits, 29,858; various, 9,175—Total, 370,728.

The only comment we can suggest is that, if this is a laudable record, as the Duke of Portland thinks, the man must have been made in God's image to destroy the other creations of God.

Three Scots each bet a quarter that he could stay under water longer than the other two—the winner take all. All were drowned.

Annual Auxiliary Fair

Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Women to Hold Bazaar, November 10

WEDNESDAY, November 10, will be the date for the all-day Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to be held this year at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, from 10 A.M. to 5 P. M.

There will be numerous attractive features, including a fashion show, all arranged by committees from the Auxiliary appointed by Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president. The general chairman of the bazaar will be Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, first vice-president.

The various tables or booths will be conducted as follows: Food, Mrs. Herbert Prescott; flowers, Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro; Winchester table, Mrs. Richard S. Taylor; novelty table, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley; prophesy, Mrs. Frank E. Towne.

The luncheon will be served under the direction of Mrs. Willard C. Bliss. The afternoon bridge will be in charge of Mrs. Edward C. Brown. "Grabs" will be offered by Miss Doris Greenwood.

The chairmen above named will be assisted by various members of the Auxiliary.

All contributions of merchandise or cash should be sent to Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Why Are We Dog-Minded?

And why do people keep such lots of dogs themselves and go in such numbers to see other people's dogs? asks a writer in the *Boston Transcript*. Because the dog is at once the sincerest flatterer and the most successful cheerer that the human race ever had.

A good dog always gives us the feeling that we men and women are a sort of gods. No other animal does anything of the kind. The cat treats us as an inferior, and the horse will treat us as a dear friend, not a divinity. Yes, there is a solid reason for the fondness of men for dogs, and it will never come to an end until either men or dogs become very different beings from what they are now.

Welcome Words

From a subscriber in a small town in Pennsylvania comes this enthusiastic letter, accompanied by a dollar for renewal of subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*:

Dear Sirs:

I have been so delighted with your magazine for the past year that I just had to renew my subscription.

Please continue to send it to me the same as before.

Sincerely yours,

On the same day a prominent humanitarian and writer of New York City called at the office and told the editor that she regarded *Our Dumb Animals* as emphatically the best of all the humane publications.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIRBY, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—MR. FRANCIS KIELTY, Pres.; BRADLEY W. LEONARD, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	18,945
Cases investigated	440
Animals examined	5,821
Animals placed in homes.....	192
Lost animals restored to owners..	55
Number of prosecutions.....	7
Number of convictions.....	7
Horses taken from work.....	14
Horses humanely put to sleep....	81
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,691

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected.....	71,906
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	9

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Alexander M. Clute of Roslindale.

September 14, 1937.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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 C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7855

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary
Cases entered	952	Cases 2,811
Dogs	710	Dogs 2,302
Cats	225	Cats 445
Birds	9	Birds 52
Horses	6	Horses 5
Goats	2	Goats 4
		Monkeys 3
Operations	813	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915		152,873
Dispensary cases		375,395
Total		528,268

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	156
Cases entered in Dispensary	566
Operations	153

Relief for Thirsty Horses

At the free watering stations in Boston maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. during the hot weather attendants reported that the service was availed of 8,980 times. While the figures seem small in comparison to former years it is still apparent that the thirst and exhaustion of hundreds of animals were relieved many times during a most trying season. The service extended up to September 11.

In a letter written by Mary Taylor (the Rose Yorke of "Shirley") we find this passage relating to Charlotte Bronte: "Charlotte was more than commonly tender in her treatment of all dumb creatures, and they, with that fine instinct so often noticed, were invariably attracted towards her. . . . But not merely were her actions kind. her words and tones were ever gentle and caressing towards animals; and she quickly noticed the least want of care or tenderness on the part of others towards any poor brute creature."

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

"Silver Tea" on Cape Cod

Raymond Moore's Playhouse Gardens
 Scene of Benefit for Animal Shelter

RAYMOND MOORE'S Playhouse Gardens, at Dennis on Cape Cod, was the scene of a "silver tea," given for the benefit of the Cape Cod animal shelter of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Hyannis, from 4 to 7 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, August 31.

In addition to the opportunity of inspecting the colorful flower beds of these beautiful gardens, the guests were entertained by Miss Ruth Tingley of Braintree, who sang a group of selections accompanying herself on the piano accordion, and by pupils of Miss Lisa Farham's dancing school, who presented aesthetic and interpretative dances.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Women's Auxiliary, was general chairman, and was assisted by Mrs. Frank E. Towne, Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt and Mrs. John E. Dykeman, all of the Boston Auxiliary, and by Harold G. Andrews, the Society's agent at Hyannis, and Fred T. Vickers agent at Lynn.

Mrs. Carl Schultz, Mrs. John Hinckley and Mrs. Gerard Besse served as hostesses.

Among the patronesses were Mrs. Malcolm Chase, West Yarmouth; Miss Jean Hinkle, Osterville; Mrs. Margaret Freeman, East Dennis; Miss Alice Freeman, East Dennis; Mrs. Aaron Davis, Harwichport; Mrs. Herbert I. McLean, Falmouth; Mrs. H. W. York, Osterville; Mrs. John E. McKelvy, Hyannisport; Mrs. Horton Reed, West Falmouth; Mrs. E. K. Davis, Marston Mills; Miss Margaret Payson, Dennis; Mrs. William Lee, Harwichport; Mrs. Alexander Smith, West Yarmouth; Mrs. Herbert Ford, Osterville; Mrs. Paul B. Dickey, Hyannisport; and Mrs. Geo. H. Mead, West Yarmouth.

Mr. Burgess to Lecture Again

On next Humane Sunday, April 24, 1938, at 3:30 P.M., Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, nationally known naturalist and author, will again present an illustrated lecture under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. "Friends I've Met in Fur and Feathers" will be the topic. This lecture will be given in the afternoon in order that children may attend. There will be colored slides and moving pictures of subjects which Mr. Burgess himself photographed.

A roadside sign in Normandy, France, reads "Pasture your horse here. Short-tailed horses six-pence a day, long-tailed horses a shilling a day." A local peasant, asked to explain the distinction, replied: "A short-tailed horse is bothered all the time by flies; to shake them off he has to use his head; and while doing that he can't eat. A long-tailed horse can handle the situation with his tail without raising his head from the grass. The men of Normandy would never pay as much for grazing a short-tailed horse as a long-tailed one."

Exchange



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR AUGUST, 1937

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 7
Number of addresses made, 112
Number of persons in audiences, 13,595

Invest in Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

Be Kind to Animals Day Reaches Madeira



KINDNESS DAY AT THE S. P. C. A. HOSPITAL, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

Many school children were assembled to see films presented for their benefit. A reception followed, attended by the Governor and other dignitaries.

The Society handled 159 cases of cruelty to animals last year. It has become affiliated with the Royal S. P. C. A., London, in order to have a voice in the larger issues of international work. A generous gift was received during the year for preparing text-books on humane education to be used in the schools of the island. Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton, director of the Funchal Society, is most active in establishing contacts with English-speaking and other foreign organizations and deserves much credit for introducing modern methods that have made the Madeira Society, though small, outstanding among Portuguese humane enterprises.

The Georgia Mules Once More

We have made several appeals for a colored school in Georgia whose team of faithful old mules should be at once retired. The school feels unable to spend the \$400 or \$450 for a younger pair to take their place. Unless enough money is raised for this new team, the money given will have to be returned to those who have contributed. We are appealing once more. At least \$200 will be needed.

We have just received a request from N. B. Matta, president of the Oriental Humane Education Association in the Near East, at Merjayoun, Lebanon, to extend the thanks of that organization to those humane societies which responded so generously to their appeal for financial aid.

When you see any creature abused, don't fail to protest earnestly but kindly against such cruelty.

In 1753 Benjamin Franklin wrote to a friend: "In New England they once thought blackbirds useless, and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds diminished, but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed upon, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass greater than their gain in corn, they wished again for the blackbirds."

Animals in the Movies

Here is an editorial from *The Golden Age*:

Animals in the movies are real sufferers. Running horses are tripped by wires, thrown over the cliffs, and mutilated. Lions are forced to roar, by electric shocks from wire-meshed floors. Turpentine is injected into goats' ears to make them dance. Dogs are stirred to activity by pepper under the tongue, or caustic sublimate on the neck, or alum in the nostrils. In "The Ten Commandments" four thousand animals were used, and many horses were lamed. In "Trader Horn" fights were fought in narrow compounds, where animals were roused to frenzy by hunger, thirst and knife thrusts.

Join the Jack London Club—no officers; no dues—and help to stop these cruelties. Write to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for full particulars.

Animal Clinic in Athens

From a correspondent in Athens, Greece, the *Animals' Friend*, London, reports: "After eleven months' delay due to legal and technical difficulties, Mr. Hurtle of the People's Dispensaries for the sick animals of the poor, opened on June 1, his clinic at the Dogs' Refuge of the Athenian S. P. C. A. Already numerous animals have been brought there for cure. The Dogs' Refuge is being re-organized. This year prizes for the best horses, donkeys and mules will be awarded.

Live Bait in Fishing

JOHN F. LEWIS

BY instinct and inclination I have been a fisherman for the sport I get out of it since my barefooted, boyhood days when I trudged to a sizable creek or pond to gratify my craving for this form of amusement.

Today, past middle life, I occasionally indulge in the pastime, but in recent years there has developed within me a growing revolt against cruelties inseparable from fishing. This feeling has increased to the point where I no longer use live bait. If artificial bait does not serve the occasion when I fare forth for a certain species which fails to bite, I absolutely refuse to impale any living thing on the barb and try for another kind.

And yet this stand or attitude does not by any means wholly satisfy my troubled conscience, or banish the haunting thought of the suffering I am preparing to cause when I pick up my rod for a day's outing. That is because my revolt against cruelty to live bait has not progressed to include the fish I aim to hook. But maybe in a few years I will conclude that fishing for sport is no longer to my taste.

Believe me when I say this is not preaching, nor is it intended in any sense as an argument against fishing for amusement's sake. It is merely a record of an odd and perplexing change which has come over me slowly and without conscious encouragement. No doubt there are thousands of others who have been or are going through the same experience.

Several years ago while bass fishing, I observed my hand jump when I drove a hook through the back of a minnow, carefully avoiding a vital spot, for it was to be submerged alive as a lure to the fish I sought. On the next trip to the same pool I felt a slight reluctance to plunge the barb into the struggling bait, still gave the matter no thought.

For years that need no counting I had done this without a qualm, even eagerly and feverishly as I contemplated the sport ahead. Earthworms, hellgrammites and grasshoppers also were as indifferently put to the torture by me when they were more serviceable for the occasion. The repugnance against causing this cruel and, in my case, unwarranted suffering, grew almost imperceptibly, but it grew to full flower and that practice is today but a memory.

Many of us who wring our hands in horror when a horse, dog or cat is mistreated, view with utmost complacency the impaling of a worm on a hook or shout with glee when a fish is brought struggling to the surface on a punishing barb. It is a contradiction, to say the least.

And yet I am a fisherman still, likely to be for years to come, and would never discourage any one, young or old, who indulges freely in this sport.

Scatter your kind words broadcast. They are the best alms you will ever be privileged to give to anybody.

Compassion is the response of the human soul to the appeal of every living thing in its hour of need.

The Electric Eel

GRACE BROOKS POPKINS

IF you go bathing in South American waters and get an electric shock, don't think you have stepped on a live wire. Very likely it is the electric eel. This monster of the deep, with a tail six times longer than his body, has the ability to "shock" his living food to death.

This eel is a native of the rivers and swamps of Brazil and the Guianas. It will emit electric currents of such force that it kills small fish and sometimes large ones in its immediate vicinity. The shock from the eel has been known to knock a man eight feet. In the aquarium in New York City, a specimen of this eel has been known to generate enough electricity in one attack to light a two-watt bulb. Just how powerful this charge is can be realized from the fact that it takes eighty-five volts to light such a bulb. This same eel also supplied the spark that blew a police siren and started an airplane engine.

It is only when the eel has used this faculty frequently that its electric powers become impaired. The natives take advantage of this fact in capturing the fish by driving large numbers of horses into streams where they abound. When the fish have exhausted their electricity by repeated attacks on the horses they are easily taken.

The electric eel is approximately six feet long, but only about eleven inches of this footage constitutes the body of the reptile. All of his organs except the "batteries" that store up his mysterious energy, are contained in this small section.

From the tip of the eel's mouth to the end of the body portion he is a brilliant pinkish orange in color on his under side. From the point where the tail begins to its tip, almost six feet away, he is a grayish green, slightly speckled on the under side with gray dots, like a brook trout but more sparingly. Likewise from the end of his body to the tip of his tail on the under side there runs a ribbon of loose green flesh, a perfect ruffle almost two inches wide that undulates with his every movement.



GOOD PASTURE IS A PRIME ESSENTIAL IN SHEEP RAISING

Trespassers

HARRY ELMORE HURD

*Two fawns are following a doe
Across the velvet of my farm—
My heart leaps with them as they go;
I hope they do not come to harm.*

*My cabbages have been destroyed—
Devoured completely by the deer;
I am sufficiently annoyed
To give the raiders cause to fear.*

*I am the owner of this land,
Let trespassers beware of me;
They should be made to understand
The sacredness of property.*

*They will return when apples fall;
November days are drawing near;
My rifle hangs upon the wall
But I shall leave it there this year.*

"Ode to a Nightingale"

In the spring of 1819 a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song, and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his "Ode to a Nightingale," a poem which has been the delight of every one. Immediately afterwards I searched for more of his (in reality) fugitive pieces, in which task, at my request, he again assisted me. Thus I rescued that ode and other valuable short poems, which might otherwise have been lost. From that day he gave me permission to copy any verses he might write.

CHARLES ARMITAGE BROWN



Put Yourself in His Place

DAVID LEE WHARTON

ONE of the reasons why many persons cannot understand the sub-human is the seeming inability to put one's self in the place of the dumb friend. Mankind, as a rule, thinks of them only as "dumb animals" and lets it go at that.

Stop and think for an instant! If for some reason, you were incapable of articulate speech, but were endowed with every other faculty possessed by man, if your life had been spent among human beings, you had shared their homes, their daily lives, had listened constantly to their conversations with one another, had been talked to by them, in short had been as one of them, would you not have a pretty fair idea of what they were saying?

You may seem amazed at the understanding of ordinary language by animals, especially dogs, and exclaim in astonishment "I believe he knows what you say." Why not? you expect him to understand your commands and to obey them, so naturally he understands other words.

Speak in the dog's presence of going somewhere he likes to go, watch his interest when he is told he is not to go. Tell him he does not love you and see his vehement attempts to convince you that he does, how he paws at your hand, the fervent wagging of his tail, and above all the look he gives you.

If such a dog were to become endowed with the power of speech he probably could

not immediately construct a sentence, but he could name different objects, make his wants known, speak his real thoughts, for he would know no deceit until he had learned the ways of man.

Who can look upon the misery of caged animals of the zoo and not visualize him or herself in a small cage, not for a day or a year, but as long as life lasts?

It does not take a vivid imagination for the woman in furs to realize the horror of the steel trap. And so we might run the gamut of cruelties perpetrated upon the sub-human creation and still the half would not have been told.

Think then of the other picture! Try to imagine the "grand and glorious feeling" of knowing exactly where to find a drink of clean, cool water on a hot night, of a certain alley gate where a pan of fresh scraps will be placed at the evening hour, of a lawn where one may lie on the grass and not be driven away, may perchance, even receive a pleasant word, or a pat.

How much joy could be spread abroad if only the human could, or would, put himself for a moment in the place of some humble, terror stricken "dumb animal."

Horses on the Screen

The charge itself, of course, is the highlight of the production, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." But for me it spoiled the picture, for reasons which I admit may be peculiarly personal. I cannot, for example, endure steeplechases because of the senseless rough treatment of fine horses which they involve. Seeing the charge of the Light Brigade on the screen was like watching a dozen steeplechases all at once. Scores of splendid animals, tripped by expert stunt riders, come thumping to the earth, and go rolling head over heels until they seem likely to break their necks. I have been assured that the horses used in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were really treated with the utmost consideration, but I have never seen animals do things like this for fun, and I will not believe it is anything but cruelty until a reputable horse tells me so.

JAMES FRANCIS CROW

"The grand distinguishing principle of Christianity, established by all its facts and doctrines, is that of mercy, lavishing its regards upon an inferior race of creatures," says the Rev. John Styles, D. D.

Horses are 15% lower in price than in 1936, though receipts at public stockyard markets totaled 304,223 head during the first seven months of 1937, against 289,168 for the same period in 1936, according to Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Horse and Mule Association of America. Mule prices are as high as last year.

Burro

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

*Just a long-eared burro,
Ornery and tough!
With a look of sorrow
When he cuts up rough!
Handy with his limbs and
Balky as can be!
Full of guile that brims and
Whimsicality!*

*Just the same, I'm thinkin'
I should hate to part
With that lop-eared, blinkin'
Work of equine art!
And it sometimes strikes me
When he looks around,
That he kind o' likes me,
Friendly, I'll be bound!*

*Sometimes rubs his nozzle
Up against my sleeve!
And though it's a puzzle
When his legs may leave
Ground, and make connection
With yours truly, still
He's full of affection!—
Good ol' Balky Bill!*

A Natural Saddle Horse

SARAH ANSLEY BUNTING

THE gate swung open, cheers were heard from the crowd, and a beautiful chestnut gelding, followed by a cloud of dust, trotted into the show ring; possessing all the brilliance, air, animation, action, and speed that an American saddle horse could be expected to have.

"What beauty!" "What animation!" "What a gorgeous tail!" "What spirit!" These were some of the remarks of the audience. Ah! But if only these were genuinely true, if only that spirit came from a horse which was happy and comfortable, and not from one which was sad and in pain. To know that that high tail came from an operation and the tiresome wearing of a bothersome tail set.

Why, why do exhibitors insist on gingering their mounts, which seems to me the most cruel thing that I have discussed? I once saw a groom attempt to ginger a little girl's pony before she went into the ring. "You stop that," she exclaimed, "you arn't going to hurt my pony!" I'm certainly glad to see some one stick up for his mount's welfare, even if it is a small child. I only wish there were more of this sort. Yet, we all know the answer to these questions: because judges will not give entrants recognition if the horses are not "dolled up." But why can't the judges stop judging this way, which means the unhappiness and suffering of so many horses? That is the real question. If the horse does not do these things naturally, then he doesn't deserve the prize.

The original idea of a horse show was to see who had the finest stock, which is caused by royal breeding; but, instead, it seems as though now the idea is to see who can produce the best artificially beautified animal. Why can't our breeders breed for these five points and give us a true natural American saddle horse?

Felinity

To My Persian Puss

ELEANOR HALL

*Her eyes are phosphorescent
In her little poker face,
Her ears betray emotion
By their lively pointed grace.*

*Beneath the sculptured outlines
Carved in each paw's silken furs
She holds withdrawn, so lightly,
Five tiny scimitars.*

*When fasting has been broken
And her toilette made with care,
She rises, yawns and stretches
With so languorous an air,*

*Then draws her tail about her
As a lady furts her fan,
And sits serenely gazing
As only Buddha can.*

Discarded Pets

GEORGE A. KELLY

WHEN vacation time comes in the window numerous pets go out the door. Literally speaking, that is just exactly what happens when certain persons who have four-footed pets make plans to go on their annual vacation.

During the winter months, when many persons are obliged to make the best of the room or rooms to which they are confined, they will usually, for the sake of variety, obtain some sort of a four-footed pet and bestow upon it every kindness imaginable, thereby realizing many happy hours in its company.

However, when the sun has climbed high in the summer months they find other means of passing the time and they unconsciously neglect those poor pets, or discard them completely when they hie themselves to the beaches, mountains, or to the country for a rest.

I wonder if they stop for a mere minute to imagine what really becomes of those unfortunate pets when they find themselves without a home. It so happens, the author is a policeman, and as such is in a position to come in contact with those "discarded pets" and feels it is his duty, through this medium, to appeal to those persons who do desert their pets, in order to make them realize the suffering their acts cause.

Upon coming to the realization that their masters are absent from their homes, the animals decide they will roam, with the result, they eventually adopt a strange neighborhood, hoping in their dumb manner that some other kind human will understand their plight and take them into a comfortable home.

The days pass by and no such luck is theirs, and the result is, they become confused, hungry and tired, and in that state they are not responsible for their actions and, understanding they are homeless outcasts, they attempt to keep out of the path of humanity and wind up in the path of some vehicle—an automobile or street car.

If sudden death be their fate, they should be considered fortunate, but should their limbs or back be broken, it means that someone must perform a disagreeable humane act and put an end to their sufferings.

If the abandoned cat is compelled to roam in the rural districts, it becomes a menace to the wild birds and in the course of a summer irreparable injury is done to innocent and useful wild life.

May I ask the readers of this article to co-operate in an effort to round up the "discarded pets" and to aid the humane societies in relieving a form of suffering of animals far too prevalent and resulting largely, shall we say, from sheer neglect.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

Cats of the World

ADA M. MORGAN

JUST how long cats have been domesticated isn't known, but it must be a long time for they are mentioned in Sanskrit writings two-thousand years old. Also ancient records, cat mummies, and monumental figures show that pussy was loved and honored in long ago Egypt, that original granary of the world.

Origin of the cat has never been definitely determined, or whether our present breeds are descended from several distinct species or have been modified only by occasional crosses. However, it is believed that tamed wildcats of Egypt and Hindustan were the forefathers of our present domestic varieties.

Not that it matters. Everyone loves his own particular tabby, Persian, Angora, Siamese, Spanish, or American cat.

Besides these well-known favorites that can be found almost everywhere in our country, there are other kinds of cats, odd and exotic, that live in other lands.

The Manx or tailless cats of the Isle of Man are unusual appearing creatures to anybody who is used to associating tails with their feline pets. Just when and where these cats "left their tails behind them" isn't known—if, indeed, they ever *did* possess that graceful appendage. It is said the first "tailless one" swam ashore to the Isle of Man from a wrecked ship.

Owners of these cats love and admire them very much, and declare they are much more graceful than the "common long-tails."

Long-tailed cats in Japan, China, Siam, and the Malay countries seem to be as unusual as tailless ones are here. Most cats in those countries have abbreviated tails with a decided kink or bend near the tip, or a short curling type like a bulldog has. Sometimes the tails start straight then divide in a fork-like manner near the tip.

These cats are rather small with somewhat longer hair that resembles rabbit fur in texture. Their cries remind one of the jungle-cats of India and Africa, and their habits are more dog-like than those of some other cats.

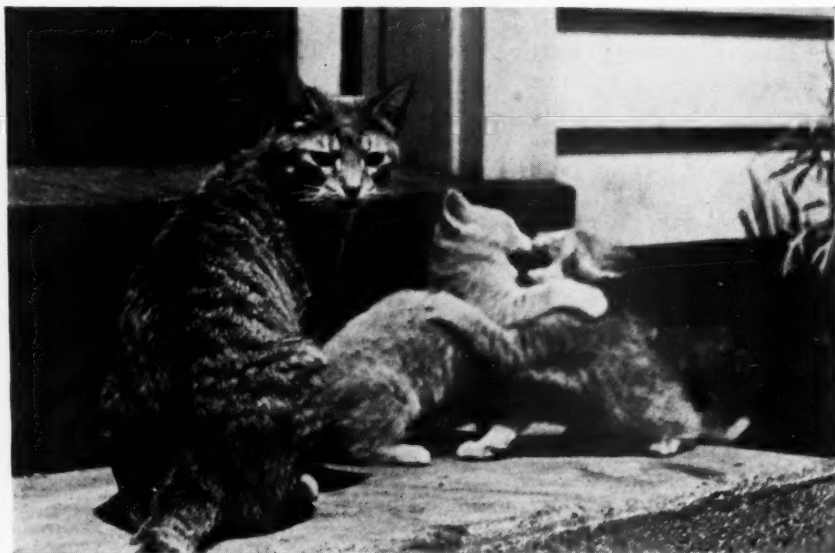
Madagascar also has kink-tailed cats.

Native cats of Paraguay weigh only about three pounds. They are not more than one-fourth the size of ordinary ones. Another South American breed is said to be free of the horrible "cater-wauling" that often rends the night's stillness.

The ancient Aztecs kept hairless cats that are now practically, if not completely, extinct. This type had no fur at all during summer but as winter advanced they grew a slight covering of hair along their backs and ridges of tails.

The Abyssinian cat is deep brown, ticked with black. A distinct black band runs down the back to tail tip. The small ears are tipped and edged with black. The paw pads are black and the dark red nose is outlined with the same color. Orange under-markings and the deep yellow eyes tinged with green make this cat unusual.

The red-colored cats of Tobolsk and Chinese cats with pendulous ears also have their place among the odd and different cats that are native to other parts of the world.



PLAYFUL CHILDREN

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven new Bands of Mercy were reported during August. These were in Virginia.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 224,915.

The Seeing Eye

MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

*My master takes the open road,
Serene and unafraid—
No need has he of other guide
His journeyings to aid.*

*I am his eyes—alert and quick
A dangerous step to see;
Holding fast to my leash, his trust
Is infinite in me.*

*I am his body-guard. He walks,
Unflinching, behind.
Twice keen my sight, twice firm my feet,
Since he I love is blind.*

*I am his servitor, on whom
His very life depends.
Ours is a dear companionship—
Dog, master—more than friends!*

World Famous Toad

EWEN K. PATTERSON

TOADS are by no means popular animals; they are loathsome creatures to most people. Nevertheless, they are useful friends of man, especially the giant toad, the largest and perhaps the most repulsive-looking members of the toad family. This queer creature has become world-famous within recent years as a valuable ally to farmers in their ceaseless war against insect pests.



FEMALE GIANT TOAD

Until twenty years ago the giant toad lived a secluded and unknown life in the wilds of Mexico. One day in 1917, however, a woman scientist was travelling through Mexico when she happened to see a few of the ugly creatures, and, out of curiosity, she decided to investigate their habits. She examined the stomach contents of some of them and discovered that they lived almost solely on insects (beetles, grubs, slugs, etc.), including many species which, at that time, were causing great destruction in the sugarcane plantations in the West Indies.

As a result of this discovery, several hundreds of the toads were captured and liberated in the plantations, where ever since they have been doing wonderful work as pest-destroyers. Their success in this respect has resulted in the animals being introduced into practically every tropical and sub-tropical country in the world to fight insect pests. Throughout the East Indies, in Africa, Hawaii, Fiji, Australia, etc., the ugly creatures are saving farmers millions of dollars every year.

In Australia they have completely eradicated mice and cockroach pests from many districts, and in Hawaii the toads are even kept in all private gardens, where nightly they take up duty on the lawns and among the flower and vegetable beds, ready to devour any insect which ventures forth. Often, too, they enter houses in search of insects attracted by the lights.

The toads are remarkable creatures. They attain a length of seven or eight inches, and some have been known to live for twenty years. Although they breed in water only, they roam miles from water in search of food. They have an insatiable appetite, but when necessary can live for a long time without food or drink.

The animal's most remarkable feature is its weapon of defense; this is a gland in the middle of its back, from which it emits a poisonous fluid, one of the chief ingredients of which is adrenalin. Adrenalin is used in medicine as a heart stimulant and to check hemorrhage, and in the toad the substance is in such concentrated form that two toads provide more adrenalin than can be obtained from a bullock. The toad is harmless to humans or animals unless grossly attacked. For instance, should a dog grasp a toad in its mouth, the poisonous fluid is emitted, and the dog experiences one of the nastiest tastes Nature can provide. The fluid makes the animal quite sick for a few hours, but it is never fatal.

The toads are prolific breeders. The female lays as many as 3,000 eggs at a "sitting," and a remarkable but previously unknown feature of the animals was recently discovered by scientists in Australia. Some of the toads were kept under observation in captivity, and three of the males distinguished themselves by changing into females and laying eggs. Some species of oysters also periodically change their sex several times during the course of a breeding season, but the giant toads are the only animals in existence that do likewise.



"Billy," the Pet Raccoon

EDWARD L. VAN DYKE

WHAT seems like gratitude for being spared from a fiendish death is shown by a raccoon kept as a pet by Donald Blauvelt of Wilawana, Pa., not far from the Waverly-Elmira, N. Y., highway.

The raccoon, "Billy," seems also an answer to the question; Can a raccoon, kept as a pet, be allowed to run loose without obeying normal instincts, and disappearing in the woods?

Two years ago, Billy's parents were living in a hollow tree near a farmhouse. The farmer shot the old male 'coon when he found him raiding a hen coop. Then the farmer's hired man saw the mother, with a hen, climbing into the tree. With cruelty, the man set fire to the tree. Then mother and four baby raccoons perished, but young Blauvelt, 18, racing to the scene, was able to save one of the young animals.

For two years Billy has lived in a barrel in a small shed. He responds quickly when one of the Blauvelt family calls his name, and comes loping toward the house for an expected delicacy of a piece of bread or some tidbit from the table. He also loves bread and milk. He has learned to open doors and ambles about the Blauvelt house like one of the family. Never has he tried to run away, nor has he ever revealed an appetite for fresh chicken—a weakness which was fatal to his parents.

Billy is such an affectionate fellow the Blauvelts often say they think he remembers and appreciates his rescue two years ago.

Never hesitate to interfere kindly whenever you see any animal being abused. It is weak and cowardly to be afraid of ridicule.

This is what Geo. T. Angell, founder of our two Societies, said was his object: "To humanely educate the American people for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals."



Fun in the Forest

IDA KENNISTON

*A frisky, risky squirrel
Scampered up a walnut tree.
He stopped and curled his bushy tail,
And looked right down at me.*

*He rubbed one tiny little paw
Upon his nose, in thought,
Should he let me know his hiding-place?
Should he, or should he not?*

*I wanted so to talk to him—
To say, "You little elf,
You know I wouldn't harm you,
Or rob you of your pelf."*

*In fact, I softly said, "Chee, chee,"
And "Chitter, chitter, chat!"
He really seemed to cock his ear,
As if to say, "What's that?"*

*But then he turned and quickly climbed
Till I couldn't see him more.
Perhaps he popped into his home
And closed its tiny door.*

*Oh, I'd love to be a squirrel,
And hide my tiny store
Of butternuts and hickory nuts
And chestnuts by the score.*

How Many "M" Animals

ALFRED I. TOOKE

In the following diagram are hidden the names of a number of animals. See how many names beginning with the letter

1	2	3	4	5	6
M	A	D	R	L	L
7	8	9	10	11	12
O	U	N	Y	I	O
13	14	15	16	17	18
L	E	S	E	N	M
19	20	21	22	23	24
N	E	D	K	S	G
25	26	27	28	29	30
T	A	R	O	O	E
31	32	33	34	35	36
M	R	M	X	T	M

"M" you can find, starting at any "M" you like and moving one square at a time in any direction. It is possible to get at least fifteen, but since some of them are rather unusual animals you may have to consult a dictionary after you get ten or more. Correct answers will be given on this page next month.

New York Girl Adopts Fawn

LESTER EVANS



ESTHER RICKERSON AND THE FAWN

WHEN Esther Rickerson, 14, who lives on a farm near Elmira, N. Y., recently heard dogs pursuing a deer, she tried to stop them, but the deer, a doe, raced off, seeking to draw the dogs from a trembling little fawn, hidden in the grass.

Fearful for the mother, and afraid the dogs might return, Esther picked up the little creature and brought it home to the farm barn, where she fed the soft-eyed youngster and kept it several weeks. Meanwhile, her mother reported the incident to game commissioners who ruled that under the law the fawn must be taken away. It was a tearful day for Esther. Her one consolation was that the little animal escaped the probable fate of her mother.

Answers to "Baffling Birds" puzzle last month: Sandpipers, swallows, pheasant, partridge, martins, kingfisher, orioles, red-wings, canaries, woodpecker, pelicans, yellow hammers.

The Angle-worm's Story

ALETHA M. BONNER

SMALL and slender, the angleworm family are considered very graceful in their movements. One side of their bodies is fitted for creeping, and it is according to the general shape of this body that the worm family is divided into a number of groups, chief among which are the flatworms; the thread or round; and the annelids or jointed worms.

As their name indicates the flatworm has a flat leaf-life form, and is exceedingly small, measuring some two or three inches. The underside of a stone is considered a splendid location for a home, and many of the worm species wear skin-coats to harmonize with their surroundings, such a camouflage of color serving to life-promoting advantage.

Threadworms are also tiny in size and there are many species. Possibly the best-known bear the name of "vinegar eel," getting this from its habitat—not a very pleasant home, yet in the various kinds of mold found on fermenting fruit juice, there it is that Mr. and Mrs. Threadworm reside.

One scientist has described the annelid family as "higher free-living worms whose brilliant colors, peculiar habits, and remarkable adaptations render them especially interesting."

This worm is composed of about one hundred and forty rings or joints. Generally speaking its form tapers to a point, while its head region serves well in tunneling the soil where it lives. In this burrowing process it is aided by small body bristles, which are stuck into the ground and serve as a sort of foothold support.

It does its foraging for food at night; oftentimes it comes to the surface-door of its tunnel and but half emerges. Its head and shoulders are above ground and it noses about, twisting from left to right, and thus scours the surrounding area for food. It crawls from its hole and nibbles a tender leaf, or perchance finds a choice morsel of meat which some human has thrown out in food-scraps.

Its circulatory system functions most effectively, and it boasts a well-ordered digestive tract. It is wonderfully equipped with needful organs. At first glance it would seem that it has no mouth, but closer examination reveals the small opening. It is lacking in ears, however, and organs of sight, taste and smell are but feebly developed; yet, despite these seeming handicaps, it leads a thriving life, as is evidenced by the great number of angle-

worms on every hand. Darwin, the great scientist, once estimated that there were some fifty-three thousand of them to an acre of ground.

It is the good friend of the farmer and the gardener. The reason it is so well liked in agricultural circles is that in the process of feeding and burrowing it is constantly bringing to the surface some of the deeper earth-loams, as well as mixing the different soils, thus keeping the ground porous as well as keeping it enriched. It is most active when the ground is damp, and in winter it burrows down below the frost line.

Vocally speaking, it leads a very quiet life, though at times it does sing. Scientists disagree as to how it produces its thin but rasping tones. Some claim that it makes the noise by a rapid clicking mouth movement (open and shut); others, that the buzzing noise is made by dragging the fine bristles that cover its body underneath, over something hard, at the edge of its burrows.

In carrying on its underground plowing and soil mixing it plays a very humble part on Nature's stage, yet humble parts must needs be taken by some one; and so by faithfully serving in its tunneling capacity its lowly station is lifted to the heights of efficient service.

Some humans seem to think that the entire worm family should be exterminated because of the misdeeds of a few miscreants; and these heartless humans crush them ruthlessly under foot irrespective of the species. This is as cruelly unfair to worthy worms as it would be to annihilate all members of the human race because of the misdoings of certain vicious or depraved types. Consequently we plead your consideration and compassion, and refer you to those lines by the English poet, William Cowper:

*"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and
fine sense,
yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."*

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

ADVENTURES OF DICKIE BEAR
AND DICKIE BEAR'S ADVENTURES
IN THE NORTHLAND, Eva Hoag Des
Jardins.

The first part of this juvenile volume comprises twelve chapters of verse, describing the globe-trotting of "Dickie the Bear," first published two years ago. The new edition contains a second part of twelve additional chapters, also in rhyme, in which Dickie goes visiting in the Northland and meets two new characters, "Jack," his playmate, and "Lars," his cousin. Their adventures include fishing and a thrilling visit to the Eskimo. Many humorous escapades are depicted, which will delight the reader of tender years. Interesting illustrations precede each part.

69 pp. \$1.25. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

CROOKED-BILL, I. H. Johnston.

A keen observer of nature and bird life relates the life story of a quail which lived his all too short life in "Bird Haven," West Virginia. Of the early part of "Crooked-Bill's" career the author tells only the facts. The latter part is taken from actual observation and study of quail life in general.

It is amazing that this useful, lovable, living bird can survive even a few short seasons in the face of so many dangers and multiple enemies. Snakes, foxes, hawks, owls, sportsman-hunters and their dogs make life for him constantly precarious. Whether aground or awing there is little safety for him.

Crooked-Bill's homelife with his brothers and sisters of the covey; his adventures and hair-breadth escapes; are interestingly set forth by his kind and sympathetic biographer.

A concluding paragraph of the "Foreword" by Ernest Thompson Seton says: "Those who wish to know the stress and dangers and joys and triumphs of a quail's life, and especially those who wish to learn how best they can help to save and multiply the quail are advised to read and ponder the truth about quail as set forth in the story of Crooked-Bill." A frontispiece of "Bird Haven" and fourteen illustrations are included.

179 pp. \$2. Dorrance & Company, Inc., Philadelphia.

Our Dumb Animals

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OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

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Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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